THE Numb. 50.

Female Tatler.

By Mrs Crackenthorpe, *a Lady that knows every thing.*

From **Friday** October 28, to **Monday** October 31, 1709.

FROM the Advantages I have over other People *of knowing every Thing*, I have this Opportunity put into my Hand of obliging the Publick with the *Preface* Mr. *Bickerſtaff* has made to his Almanack for the ſucceeding Year; wherein you will find plain, that Mr. *Partridge* is dead, notwithſtanding all the Noiſe made about him, ſo that the Company of *Stationers* might have ſpar'd the Charge of obtaining an Injunction againſt him, and prohibiting every body from Printing the ſaid *Partridges* Almanack. Beſides, it was eaſie for the ſaid Mr. *Bickerſtaff* from his Knowledge of Futurity, to foreſee no body wou'd attempt to Print or Reprint his Predictions, becauſe whoever ſhou'd muſt expect to incur the Penalty of the Company's Injunction.

The PREFACE.

'BY the earneſt Solicitations of my moſt Intimate Friends and Acquaintance, I was at laſt prevail'd upon to compile and publiſh an Almanack, tho' I muſt own I did it with great unwillingneſs, yet I am now in ſome Meaſure ſatisfy'd with my Undertaking, becauſe in the firſt place I ſhall reſcue the Noble Art of *Aſtrology* out of the Hands of the Unlearned and Ignorant, and in the next place I ſhall convince the World, without any room for doubt, that *John Partridge* the Almanack-maker Exiſts not, if there is any proof Living to be admitted; for can any Man in his Senſes ſuppoſe him Alive, that is, Bodily ſo, when ſuch a Body of Men as the Company of *Stationers* will actually witneſs he is dead, that's *He, Him, His*, meaning *John Partridge, his* Almanack, which they have printed for many years together, but do not this Year now underſtanding the laſt that bore his Name, cou'd be no other but a Cheat, and an Impoſition on the People, after the certainty of my Predictions, which are not like other Mens, govern'd by the *Stars*, but reach to Compulſion and fatal Neceſſity. Another Reaſon I have to offer, is, that the ſame *John Partridge* who predicted ſuch Wonders before the Revolution, and was ſeldom miſtaken in the *Stars*, cou'd never be the Author of the laſt Years Almanack under his Name, any more than *Poor Robin* and *Gadbury* are of theirs, who ſleep with their *Fathers*, and are in *Hades*, in the Grave, that is, in *Darkneſs*, as it appears plain *John Partridge* was laſt Year when that Almanack was writ; for there is not a word of that Spirit of Truth of Prophecy, ſo familiar to him when living: Beſides, if an Apparition be any proof of the ſeparate Exiſtence of the Spirit from the Body, ſuch an Apparition appear'd to one of the Hawkers of my Predictions for the Year 1708. and threatned the ſaid Hawker with Corporal Correction, but had no Power to commit it, which is a certain Proof of the Non-Exiſtence of the Body, and ſo much for the Defunct. Now I ſhall beg leave to give my Reader ſome hopes that *Aſtrology* will flouriſh again, by my Art and Induſtry; for at one view I ſee all things as they are now, or ever will be. I can with the ſame eaſe peep into the ſecret Tranſactions of Court or City, as with my Teleſcope I can behold the Spots of the *Sun*. There cannot be a wither'd Beauty painting her Face, or putting in her falſe Teeth, but I ſee her as plain as her Chamber-Maid: Not a Reforming Conſtable ſhare the Wages of Sin with a Night-walking Harlot, but I'm let into the Secret as well as the Juſtices Clerk. There cannot a Conſtable Nod with his drowſy Watch, but I catch him Napping; nor a Tradeſman's Hypocritical Spouſe can riſe earlier than ordinary to her Devotion, but I know what Saint ſhe Kneels to, as well as the Parſon of the Pariſh; but to ſhow you I am vers'd in the utmoſt learning of the Cabaliſts, I tell you *Saturn* is a ſower ſplenatick Fellow; *Jupiter*, to ſay the truth of him, a Good Jolly Companion; *Mars* one of my Men of Fire; *Sol* a ſmart Fellow, Sings, Dances and Plays a pretty Fiddle; *Venus* is a meer Wag-tail, and *Luna* a Modeſt Jade; but ſo Vapouriſh and Whimſical, ſhe's never in one Mind a Month together.

'I'm ſo excellent at Phyſick, that every Morning I have Cartloads of Patients brought to my Door, and many others labouring under Diſeaſes they cannot account for, ſend me their Caſes, ſo that never was Doctor ſo famous before: Therefore, *Courteous Reader*, if the beſt of my endeavours can gratifie the leaſt of your Expectations, 'tis the utmoſt of my Ambition, who am proud of being a Servant, to the well wiſhers of Aſtrology,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.

Signior Pentilo, the Libertine of the Town, the other Day fell into an Argument concerning *Love* and *Honour*, for having a *Platonick Wife*, as he ſaid, that valu'd not his Corporal preſence, he wou'd maintain, that notwithſtanding his Liberties Abroad, among other Women, he was one of the beſt of Husbands; for he was always Complaiſant to her before Company, and never troubleſome to her when in private; and tho' ſtranger Women might ſhare the beſt of his Perſonal Performances, the better part of him, to wit, his Heart, he had entirely reſerv'd for his Wife, as that which he thought

thought moſt acceptable to her; beſides, having been bred Abroad in Politer Countries, he had learn'd how to diſtinguiſh nicely between the *Action* and the *Intention*, and ſo preſerve his *Honour* and his *Conſcience* entire by a Mental Reſervation; for as his Affections were not alienated from his Spouſe he thought himſelf ſecure; and as for his *Love* that was of ſuch a diffuſive Nature, that a Man might Love every Woman in the World with an ardent Paſſion, and yet not Love any ſingle one of the whole with leſs deſire. Theſe kind of Riddles puzzled all the Company, and every body look'd upon one another to ſee who ſhou'd break ſilence firſt, when my Lady *Coquet* bridled and endeavour'd to ſuppreſs her Choler by burſting open her Laces, ſinking her throbbing Breaſts, and hauling off her ſweaty Gloves, but to no purpoſe, for the Fleſh was Powerful and the Spirit too weak; You may be aſham'd, ſays ſhe, Mr. *Pent'lo*, to ſpeak thus Prophanely againſt the Rites of the Marriage Bed, as if you had a mind to bring 'em into diſuſe; and then palm the pretence upon your Wife, becauſe ſhe's Honeſt: But ſhe's a Woman, tho' ſhe may be Virtuous, and no more a *Platonick* than I am, 'Tis baſe in you to uſe us Married Women at this rate; and then lay the blame at our doors, we are *too Modeſt* or *too Impudent*, *too ill Natur'd* or *too Good* to keep you at Home: For ſhame continued ſhe, Mr. *Pent'lo*, leave off this Diſcourſe for the future; but this is the Education, theſe the Arguments you learn in *Italy* and at *Rome*, and tho' they make you not *Jeſuits* in Religion, they make you ſo in Politicks, to deceive your poor believing Wife, or elſe ſome Body's Innocent Daughter. Madam, anſwer'd the Libertine, very gravely, Your Ladyſhip ought to ſpeak for no body but your ſelf, for your Sex is a perfect medly of Varieties, and he that ties himſelf only to one, might as well attempt to live on *Partridge*; for there's no two that can be ſaid to be the ſame, you differ in ſo many degrees of Perfections, that he only knows moſt, that knows moſt of you. The Ladies began to be ruffled cruelly at the continuance of this Diſcourſe, when I interrupted Mr *Pent'lo* with the *Decorums* of my *Drawing-Room*, which he promis'd not to offend againſt for the future, upon permiſſion I wou'd let him repeat the Lines he made this Morning upon the Subject we have been talking.

The *Libertine* to his *Platonick* Wife.

I.

When once in Bed we gently talk'd and play'd,
I well remember Beautious Cloris *ſaid;*
Her Noble Paſſion ſoar'd a ſphere above
The Groſs and Brutiſh part of Vulgar Love.

II.

Then ſince my Dear, ſaid I, you're ſo refin'd,
And Love affects nought but your Virtuous mind;
Since you alone poſſeſs Leander's *Heart,*
Grudge not to other Nymphs th' Ignobler Part.

III.

Tho' I've been catch'd in Wanton Celia's *Arms;*
And conquer'd by Bellinda's *flatt'ring Charms;*
When Liberty has led aſtray your Swain,
'Twas Love of you that call'd him back again;
Then you my Dear, may ſtill with Juſtice boaſt
Where e're I wander you I Love the moſt.

†‡† *The Lady that will not be perſwaded but that it was her that was meant by Mrs.* Deputy Buſtle, *and tells every Body ſo, may aſſure herſelf, that if expoſing ſuch Enormities as are proper for this Paper, will have any Effect, they ſhall briefly be inſerted; but if that will not do, they ſhall be at Length, hoping ſo to Ridicule Follies in general, that they may, when particular, be aſham'd of them, as it is the Caſe of this Gentlewoman, who is ſo Inſolently Haughty, that ſhe thinks herſelf above Reproof; but as ſhe has been in Print already too much to her Husband's Coſt, ſhe is requeſted not to furniſh me with Matter to be ſo to her Own, leaſt when this Paper is forgot, her Follies may not.*

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THE *Famous Chymical Quintiſſence of Bohee Tea and Cocoa-Nuts together, wherein the Volatile Salt, Oil and Spirit of them both, are chymically extracted and united, and in which all the Virtues of Tea and Nut are eſſentially inherent, and is really a pleaſant, refreſhing Prepaaration, found, upon Experience, to be the higheſt Reſtorative that either Food or Phyſick affords; for by it all Conſumptive Habits, Decayt of Nature, inward Waſtings, weakly, thin, or emaciated Conſtitutions, Cough's, Aſthma's, Ptyſicks, Loſs of Appetite, &c, are to a Miracle retriev'd, and the Body, Blood, and Spirit, powerfully corroborated and reſtored. A few Drops of it, in a Diſh of Bohee Tea or Chocolate, is the moſt durable Breakfaſt or Supper, and entvies, for Virtue and Nouriſhment, 20 Diſhes of either without it; nothing being more nutritive and ſupporting. Likewiſe to ſtrengthen the Back, prevent Miſcarriages, cauſe Procreation and Conception, it is beyond all Medicines, as thoſe that once take it will find, and ſcarce ever live without it. It is alſo the only ſure Cure for Vapours and Melancholly; for thoſe Diſeaſes being occaſioned by the Poorneſs of the Blood and Spirits, this Quintiſſence cures, by its enriching and elivening Properties. Is ſold only at Mr Laurence, a Toy-Shop, at the Sign of the Griffin, the Corner of Bucklersbury, in the Poultry, at 5 s. the Bottle, with Printed Directions.*

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WHereas *Numbers of Men, Women and Children are afflicted, ſome of them continually, and others only Spring and Fall, or at other Seaſons, with Breakings out in divers Parts, and ſome all over the Body. either with Morphue. Scurf, Scabs, Sores, Tetters, Itchings, Pimples, Blotches, Leprocies. Scald Heads or other Diſtempers of the Skin; in ſome to cauſe Red Faces, Red Noſes, others Sore Eyes, fiery Blotches. Ulcers, Fiſtula's, &c. proceeding either from ſharp Humours, Scurvy, Kings Evil, or other cauſes in the Blood having adviſed, and know not whether to get a perfect Remedy; Purgings, Vomitings, Sweatings, Bleedings, Bliſterings, Cuppings, Salivations, Iſſues, Diet-Drinks, &c. and outwardly uſed Waſhes, Bathings, Anointings, &c. and that probably for many years together, to little more than palliating the Diſeaſe. This is therefore to give Notice, That a pleaſant Chymical Spirit may be had, which is taken but 3 times a Day, or a little while together (they neither confine or the leaſt diſorders the Body) Infallibly cures and renders the Blood and Skin incomparably pure and clean, be the Diſtemper of never ſo long ſtanding, never ſo ſtubborn, or ever of Hereditary Derivation from the Parents. Is ſold at Nath. Crouch's, a Bookſeller, at the Sign of the Bell over againſt Grocers Alley in the Poultry, at 5 s. the Bottle with Directions at large.*

†‡† Marten's 6th Edition with great Additions of the Secret Diſeaſe, ſo very terrible if neglected, or ill manag'd discovering each particular Symptom, ſo as any one may know whether Infected or not, its Nature, Conſequence, and true way of Cure, without hazard of Reputation and Life in the Hands of Quacks and Pretenders. Illuſtrated with many remarkable Obſervations, Hiſtories of Cures, Letters &c: ſetting forth the diſmal Effects of ill Cures, cauſing many Indiſpoſitions in both Sexes; which they oftentimes are at a loſs to account for. By John Marten Surgeon, Pr. 4 s. Sold by N. Crouch in the Poultry, J. Knapton in St Paul's Church-yard, P. Varenne in the Strand, and at the Authors Houſe in Hatton Garden.

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